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THE

W I F E

AND THE

N U R S E:

A

New BALLAD.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's, 1743.

(Price Six-pence.)

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(1843)

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WIFE and the NURSE:
A
New BALLAD.



I.

VICE once with VIRTUE did engage,
To win *Jove's* conqu'ring Son;
So, for th' *Alcides* of our Age,
As strange a Fray begun.

2.

His Wife and antient Nurse between,
Arose this wond'rous Strife:
The froward Hag, his Heart to win,
Contended with his Wife.

3.

His Wife, an Island-Nymph most fair,
Bore Plenty in her Hand;
A Crown adorns her Regal Hair,
Her Graces Love command.

4.

With modest Dignity she stood;
Fast down her lovely Face
A Stream of swelling Sorrow flow'd,
A righteous Cause to grace.

5.
The tatter'd Nurse, of Aspect grum,
Look'd prouder still than poor,
With lofty Airs inspir'd by---mum---
The Queen of Beggars, sure :

6.
Mud was her Dwelling, lean her Plight,
Her Life on Heaths she led ;
With Wreaths of Turnip-tops bedight ;
Her Eyes were dull as Lead.

7.
Yet thus the Caitif, proud and poor,
Our Hero-Judge address'd.
" Thy Fondness all to Me assure,
" To Me, who loves thee best.

8.
" I am thy aged Nurse, so kind,
" Who ne'er did cross thy Will ;
" Thy Wife to all thy Charms is blind,
" Perverse and thwarting still.

9.
" Give me her Cloaths, (continued she)
" With thy Assistance soon
" Her costly Robe may shine on me,
" On her my Rags be thrown.

10.
" Seize on her Store of boasted Gold,
" Which she with jealous Fear
" From thee still grudging wou'd with-hold,
" And trust it to my Care."

11.

This caught the Judge's partial Ear.

The Lady of the Isle
Spake next. "Thy self at least revere,
"And spurn this Caitif vile.

12.

"With thine my Int'rest is the same,
"For thee my Sailors toil;
"They for thy Safety, Pow'r, and Fame,
"Enrich my spacious Isle.

13.

"Think too upon thy solemn Vow,
"When thou didst plight thy Love,
"Thou cam'st to save me; wilt thou now
"Thy self my Ruin prove?

14.

"How was I courted, how ador'd!
"More happy as thy Bride;
"For thee my Safeguard, Love and Lord,
"I flighted all beside.

15.

"Do thou still act a Guardian's Part,
"Nor be thy Love estrang'd;
"Treat me but kindly, and my Heart
"Shall e'er remain unchang'd.

16.

"By thee abandon'd, must I bend
"Beneath thy Nurse's Scorn?
"No; live with me thyself, and send
"To her thy Youngest born.

17.

“ Let not her Mud-built Walls thy Stay
 “ Before my Tow’rs invite ;
 “ Do not, beyond my Verdure gay,
 “ In her brown Heaths delight.

18.

“ Do not her dingy Streams prefer
 “ To all my Rivers clear ;
 “ Good Heavens ! looks Poverty in her
 “ Than Wealth in me more fair ?”

19.

The King

The Judge here lets his Fury out,
 Unable to contain ;
 He frowns, he rolls his Eyes about ;
 And to his Wife began :

20.

“ If she be poor, I’ll make her rich ;
 “ Thy Treasure she shall hold :
 “ Thou art a low, mechanick B---ch,
 “ Besides a cursed Scold.

21.

“ My Nurse is of Imperial Race,
 “ By Trade was never stain’d :
 “ What thou dost boast of is Disgrace :
 “ Nurse, thou thy Cause hast gain’d.”

22.

Polite and candid, thus the Judge :
 His Creatures watch his Call,
 To raise (alas !) this dirty Drudge
 On his fair Confort’s Fall.

23.

Who first obeys th'unjust Decree,
 Regardless of his Fame,
 To spoil and rob with cruel Glee
 That lovely Island-Dame?

24.

Hard by a ready Wight, behold!
 Aspiring, rash, and wild;
 Of Parts too keen to be controll'd
 By Wisdom's Dictates mild.

D. Carveret

25.

Still from the Midnight-Goblet hot,
 He fires his turgid Brain,
 With jarring Schemes, from Wine begot,
 To ravage Land and Main.

26.

With these wild Embryo's, shapeless all,
 Without Head Tail, or Limb,
 He lures his Master to his Call,
 While both in Fancy swim.

27.

He now receives th' absurd Command
 This beauteous Queen to spoil;
 Ah! Deed unseemly for his Hand,
 A Native of her Isle.

28.

He runs and strips her gracious Brows
 Of her Imperial Crown
 To dress the Hag, who quickly throws
 Her Turnip-Garland down.

29.

Yet smiling greets the Queen, and swears
He only means her Good,
That Exigencies of Affairs
May want her Heart's best Blood.

30.

Thus spoil'd, she sinks with Sorrow faint
Before th' insulting Hag,
And, lest she publish her Complaint,
Is menac'd with a Gag.

31.

There lying, of her Cloaths she's stript,
Her Money too, we're told,
Into the Judge's Hand was slipt,
Ah ! shameful Thirst of Gold!

32.

Against APOLLO *Midas* old
Gave Judgment ; did he worse,
Than one who to his Wife, for Gold,
Cou'd thus prefer his Nurse ?

33.

Ah ! yet recall her cruel Fate,
Mistaken Judge, thy Friend
Here warns thee ; Dangers soon or late
On Avarice attend.

34.

In thy Wife's Ruin yet behold
Thou dost thyself destroy ;
Then cease to barter Love for Gold,
Which Thou canst ne'er enjoy.

F I N I S.

